

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 133.

KROPOTKIN IN NEW YORK.

Kropotkin has come and gone, and, perhaps, our pioneer friends would like to know something of the reception accorded him here in New York City, hence this communication. On Saturday, March 31, Comrade Kropotkin lectured before the Educational League for Study of Political Economy (a society composed of the intellectual bourgeoisie) at the Berkeley Lyceum on "Toungeneif and Tolstoi." He was accorded a most enthusiastic and hearty welcome, and after the lecture he was affectionally greeted by hundreds. To hear our old teacher talk of his countrymen was a never-to-be-forgotten treat, especially so when telling us of the manner in which the populace greeted Tolstoi, by patting him on the back and accosting him with endearing terms of affection and fraternal love.

The next day (Sunday) in the afternoon he spoke to us on the "Philosophy of Anarchism" at the Grand Central Palace. This hall, one of the largest in the city, was packed to the doors with an audience roughly numbering at from 3,000 to 4,000. Professor Herron, who had just arrived in this city, was the chairman of the meeting. He told us that, though he had presided at many meetings, and on many auspicious occasions, he would always look back to this occasion as the happiest one of his life, because we had assembled to listen to a man who was like unto a host in the cause of human freedom. He told us also that he himself considered Kropotkin's writings a veritable bible and that he was immeasurably indebted to him for the light he had shed on the social darkness prevalent up to his time.

Comrades, it was truly glorious! I have been to many meetings, have spoken at some of them myself, where the audience aggregated greater in number, but I never witnessed in all my life so impressive a reception as was the one accorded to the grand man of the Socialist movement.

Kropotkin's excellent address was listened to most attentively and was received with great eclat, and everyone was of the opinion that it was by far the most successful lecture and meeting ever held in this city.

The next evening (Monday) the comrades tendered friend Kropotkin a reception at the Labor Lyceum, where a goodly number assembled and discussed various things, among others refreshments, singing, oratory, etc. Mr. Chamberlain, being announcer, introduced our esteemed comrade, who then told us how much he was impressed with the meetings and the spirit of the reception tendered him, and said that he should ever cherish in his memory the monster meetings of a cause that 10 or 15 years ago, apparently, called for naught but execrations and to whose standard rallied but very few; that he would take the message to the European comrades, to the exiles from Russia and other

countries, especially to the Montjuich brothers who had suffered so much, and so encourage and strengthen them in their work in the greatest of causes—the cause of the social revolution!

After chatting with us until nearly midnight he left, never, as he told me, having felt so hopeful in his long life. You, comrades, should endeavor by all means to induce him to come to you should he go west to lecture. To see his beaming, kindly face, aglow with true benevolence, his intellectual brow and, most remarkable of all—for one who has passed through so much and has lived so strenuous a life—his mild, soft eyes, is an inspiration and a tonic. No wonder that men and women spontaneously embraced him with brimming eyes and high-beating hearts; here was a true native of the land which is to be. Now, as in the time of Shelley,

"Power like a desolating pestilence
Pollutes what ere it touches,
Whilst obedience, that bane
Of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men
And of the human frame
A mechanized automaton."

But this man, though a prince of the blood royal is truly, as our poet says,

"A man of virtuous soul
Obeys not nor commands."

and withal is so simple of manner and taste as to be marked among the so-called common people. A man of great learning, a truly great scientist, yet no simpler language ever fell from the lips of illiterate men; a revolutionist, a terrorist, and yet so mild of manner and mien, returning every embrace, almost painfully simple and pleasing—here was Kropotkin, the personification of his works; these emanate from the great soul of the man; to see him is to wax enthusiastic, as you will find for yourself if you are ever fortunate enough to meet him. Gazing at him I could well understand how he conceived such splendid ideas, formulated so grand and noble a philosophy, lived such a remarkable life—he simply could not help it, for it was in him and must out.

One night he spoke before the Russians in their own language and once before an assemblage of cultured (?) bourgeoisie on "Work as It Should Be." He also spoke at several colleges.

I. ULMAN.

THOUGHTS TO MYSELF.

Only the other day I heard a woman say softly, earnestly, thoughtfully, as though the words were an echo from a heart's long-throbbing instinct, "If I ever should marry it would be for the privilege of being a mother"; and I thought if I had the wealth of Carnegie or Helen Gould, how quickly I would apply some portion of it to the establishment, or endowment, of a few independent homes for mothers. Instead of devoting my means to the erection of public libraries to be filled largely with volumes of misconception and false

teaching, or to the building of "halls of fame" dedicated to the memories of those whose claims to distinction may be matters of question and at best come all too late to the really deserving, I would prefer to make an attempt to be instrumental in aiding in the erection of living monuments, poems in flesh and blood, inspired by love and composed by the harmonious developing forces of the universe.

Not but that these sublimest aspirations of woman's human nature might easily be realized without this gratuitous financial support if the hypocritical edicts and industrial inequalities of the present social order were relaxed. As it is, however, unless they be backed by financial aid sufficient to enable them to be independent enough to snap their fingers in the face of warped and misshapen social criticism these most worthy, womanly and world-inspiring women must forever smother the instinct that ever rises as incense from the shrine of a pure woman's love.

I have just been reading Grant Allen's "alleged" "Plain Words on the Woman Question," and it makes me wonder how or where he was "brought up." His proposition that the world can only be repopulated by women—mothers—supported by men seems almost ludicrous to one who has actually mixed in the affairs of real life.

It is not because a very large proportion of the mothers of the past have not been self supporting that the demand for social and industrial independence now presents itself, but because the mothers of the present and future desire to be credited before the world with what they do and to have the privilege of doing it in their own way.

Springfield, Mo. A. H. TUCKER.

A TALK ON SUICIDE.

"Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine was a great year for suicides," said Philosopher Phil, pensively, a look of sadness coming over his face, "no less than 14,000 having shuffled off this mortal coil and sought that bourne from which no traveler is said to have returned.

"Why do people commit suicide, you ask? Some because they are weary of life, some on account of business reverses, some through sickness, some because of troubles with women, some for one reason and some for another.

"I remember one man named Joe Bissell, a student of Schopenhauer and a fatalist, who, after reading Nordau's 'Degeneration', quietly blew out the gas one night and died, leaving word that he considered himself too honest to live in a world of lies, that the only sane man is he who would rid himself of membership in a howling madhouse of insanity.

"Rather a unique farewell letter?

"I should say so! But talking of unique farewell letters reminds me of a poor old printer who got 'knocked out' of a steady 20-years job by the typesetting machine. His name was Jim Har-

ris, and he knew no other trade, so he went hunting for work in New York City many a weary day, and failing to find any he hung himself one night in his room. The following note was found on his table the next morning:

"To Whom It May Concern: My form is pined. I have gone to press the last time. The life of the galley slave is over. The prototype has come and taken my place, and being unable, on account of age and general strength, to work at labor which younger members of my craft can tackle, I give up the struggle of life, and as a broken type of typographical inutility be thrown into the hellbox of death, which every printer, be he skilled or blacksmith, must sooner or later face. Yours, J. H."

"Another man, a lawyer of considerable reputation and a well-known scholar, had a year of hard luck. So he killed himself by blowing his brains out, and in a letter to his sweetheart (his first wife was dead) he informed her that because he could not get along he had become one of the unfit in the race of life, and hence his death was not suicide, but he was 'murdered by society.'

"Not long ago I heard of a prominent speculator in Chicago wheat, a plunger and sport, whose fortune could often be reckoned in six figures, going broke through a speculation, and he shot himself because he was afraid to go home and face his fashionable wife and daughters, who were to have a bon-ton ball that night, with the story of his financial fall.

"A certain friend of mine became despondent about three years ago because he could not make a decent living for his pretty little wife and two little girls. Unknown to his wife he contracted with a medical college to buy his body after death, paying his wife \$200 therefor. Shortly after, he killed himself and I suppose the money went to the party contracted for.

"I have known young girls who committed suicide in preference to making a commodity out of their virtue.

"But the worst story yet comes from a madhouse in Indiana. A man became insane, knew he was such, but was sane enough to piteously plead for death rather than a madhouse. 'For put me in a regular madhouse,' he said, 'and in a very short time I will be a raving, tearing, swearing lunatic.' And he begged his attendant to shoot him. Three days later, however, he had contrived to hang himself, saying in lead-pencil on the whitewashed wall of his room, as his last words: 'I prefer the cold rest of the grave to being an inmate of an insane asylum!'

"There are suicides and suicides—some that I would call noble, self-sacrificing suicides.

"The case is on record of Joseph Hermann, of New York City, who, seeing he could not make a living for his wife and five children, deliberately committed suicide in order that his wife might realize some thing from his life insurance

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CRANKISMS.

"The worst enemy of the people is the damned illiberal liberal majority!" Who said that? Henrik Ibsen. Was he right? Think it out for yourself. The process wont hurt any more than painless dentistry.

"The downcast eyes of timid acquiescence have ever paid to impudent authority the tribute of a thoughtless yes!" Let me see, was it Robert Ingersoll who said that; and let me ask you if you today are doing the same? If so, you lack vertebrae, not having evolved fully from the ancestral molluscan state—or, worse, you don't use your thinkingbox. See to it now!

"Am I my brother's keeper?" I reckon not—judging by my own feelings, for I object to his being mine; there has been far too much of this "keeping" business, both of church and state. I do not propose to let any individual, or set of individuals, rule my life. I hold myself amenable to none, for I believe in autonomy from A to Izzard.

"Variety is the spice of life." That's so, and we here, in this little out of the way neck of the big woods, have more "variety" of variant sorts than you have anywhere off out there in the cold and lonesome world. Some of us think our life is pretty near all spice.

"The first principle of all just government is to see that he who earns his cake shall get it, keep it, and consume it in peace!" That's a mighty good utterance of Ruskin's, but where will you find upon the face of the earth a government that knows the first principles of this "first principle?" Where find one that assists in the remotest degree the producer to keep and consume his bread, much less cake? Put your finger on such, if you can; the blessed spot is like the Hibernian's flea you'll find.

THE CRANKY ONE.

Happily here and there a soul with level-fronted eyelids not only declares he is "forinst the government," but stands by his principles, as William Carter, of Ansonia, Conn., did recently. That man should live in the memory of all Anarchists, at least until such time as his fellowtownsmen shall be educated and developed enough to realize what manner of man this is that dwells imprisoned among them, and shall haste to adorn their chief place with a statue of him, cast in the material in which he mostly worked. The act of this poor brass founder who believes "war is hell" and "taxation is robbery," is better propaganda of Anarchy than all our "talkee, talkee," pride ourselves how we may upon the scope and success of our efforts.

C. H. CHEYSE.

DEATH'S VICTORY.

Helena Born is dead, and those to whom that speaks loudest realize our loss, for in her labor, liberty, intellectual freedom had a friend, a fighter.

She is dead, and there isn't much anyone can say to ease the sensation of loss. Death is a gruesome thing in many aspects—it takes away without giving us anything in return.

She is gone—back to where she came from—where the things of mind will be of no concern.

And outside, in the cold, bleak evening of a Colorado night, the snow is falling and it beats in a weary monotone on the earth below, and in Boston tonight, and in many other cities, there is a sensation of loss—of a vacancy—for Helena Born has had friends, and has them now, who will remember her as one of the noblest of the advance guard of Liberty.

Her pen was the escape valve, and with that she made friends; her quiet style, her lovable nature, will leave an impress on those of us who could call her friend.

A Philosophical Anarchist, a pupil of Edward Carpenter, a coworker of B. R. Tucker, these men will feel their loss, even as we do.

I am inclined to wish her peace, and am glad for her that life's struggle is over, for a radical woman, even under the most favorable conditions, has not the pleasantest journey through life.

She is gone, but her kindness, her fine character and her strong intellect will live on.

Whose is the victory—her's or Death's? And who shall say, he knoweth most, indeed, who knoweth least of this great unsolved question.

I hope she has gone back to dust, where she came from. But if there be another side, may it at least have more peace in it for her than that which she left.

B. F. BRUKK.

"TEACH THY CHILDREN THE TRUTH."

Since the termination of the trial of the four fiends in the Boscheiter case, in New Jersey, the world has been astounded by similar affairs in various parts of the country. In fact, sexual insanity seems to be alarmingly on the increase, and the ignorant are proposing all kinds of horrible cures for the sad state of morals existing without stopping to determine the cause. There is a reason for all things, and to successfully combat an evil you must seek the source of it. Why are so many apparently intellectual men endowed with such uncontrollable desires? Is it in the atmosphere, induced by the evil magnetism of a Saturn? Is it that because mind is matter and a thought finds lodgment in a sympathetic brain, that an act of peculiar atrocity can influence others to commit the same crime?

Ah, my friends, thou canst find what thou seekest in homes thou thinkest most respectable! Where the housewife is so eminently virtuous and proper that a block of ice were tropical in comparison ye will find sons and daughters that will furnish subjects for the student of criminology. The conventionality of church and state as embodied in society is in reality at the beginning of sexual degeneration.

The whole idea of sex as taught by the various religions that curse the earth

is that we are "conceived in iniquity and born in sin"; that "sex is vile," and that one must crush all of it in order to be pure and virtuous. Nature invariably takes a hand in the crushing process, and by the time the work is done the world reaps a crop of demons. The church teaches the impurity of sex in order that it may dominate that function and thereby control the pursestrings of humanity.

The average father and mother could not be induced to talk with their offspring on such an indelicate, impure topic, and the children must rely on ignorant playmates for instruction in the science of procreation, and ye would burn the result at the stake!

At the first important turning point in life the youth hears the voice of Nature calling to him. Taught that to respond without the consent and license of church and state would be mortal sin he seeketh vice to satisfy Nature, or he crushes desire until he is a cold, calculating machine, fit for nothing but a means for the accumulation of wealth and monetary power. What could you expect such a creature to breed? Girls are put through the repressing process until to find a man who would be steadfast and true to them would be to perform a miracle.

Society teaches the female that the object of marriage is to secure a home, wealth and position. To accede to the dictates of society means that love has but little to do with the making of a desirable alliance, and Nature has her revenge for such conditions.

Wouldst thou reform the world, oh fool?

Then remove thy taboo from the human form! Teach no more that the so-called image of God is impure and unfit to be seen. Teach thy children that the body is sacred; that it is the acme of all beauty, and not to be hidden as though it were all that is hideous and impure.

Wouldst thou put an end to rape and prostitution?

It is something that the priest cannot do, as he works. It cannot be done by any system advocated by conventional Puritanism. The worship of ancient fetishes will not do it. Prayer has had little result in preventing crime. Burning the victims of a false theology will not free us from diabolism! Holy water, incense and incantations have had little effect.

The whole remedy is in education! Teach thy children the TRUTH, not as any creed teaches it, but as reason dictates. Remove the ban from sex study, and open the eyes of thy offspring that the evil results of ignorance and fanaticism may be seen. Cultivate a love for humanity, and strive to destroy the growing love for Mammon! Turn thy churches into schools for the teaching of the science of life. Thereby only can ye turn the tide that runs down, down to sexual decay and physical perdition.—La Verne F. Wheeler, in Brann's Iconoclast.

A GRAND, GOOD STORY.

I have often wondered why no one had a word of commendation to say about that grand, good story entitled "Chains," now running in Discontent. I think it is the best radical social story I have ever read, and it sets free love on a high pedestal; the conceptions of the

story are superb, and the details are almost ideal. U. F. Sargent had something to say in a recent issue, and, like him, I wondered why Mrs. Jerauld destroyed the vitality of Jane Archer. She should have lived; even the most conservative monogamists may see their error and embrace the "better way"—the love that is free, but which Jane used in such an underhanded way. Since she had broken the chains that bound her she should have grown apace in the cause, for free love vitalizes, redeems and sanctifies; but, no doubt, Mrs. Nellie M. Jerauld has looked into the plot deeper than we can, and all may be for the best, even if a woman dies because she thought she had sinned.

I hope the bright author will be well paid for her demonstrated practicability of free love. If some pushing publisher would embellish a book with the story I believe it would be a grand literary and financial success. WM. FRETZ.

TOLSTOI AND THE CHURCH.

Therefore, the fundamental cause of the evil is the doctrine taught to mankind. From it arise poverty and depravity, hatred, executions and murder. What is this doctrine?

It is the doctrine called Christianity, and its substance is as follows: There is a God, who, 6,000 years ago, created the world and the man Adam. Adam sinned; and for his sin God punished all men, and then sent his son—God, like the father—to earth in order that he should be executed. The fact that the son of God was crucified delivers men from the punishment they must bear for Adam's sin. If people believe all this, then Adam's sin will be forgiven them; if they do not believe they will be cruelly punished. Proof that all this is true is given in the fact that it has all been revealed to men by God himself, knowledge of whose existence is gained from the very men who affirm the doctrine in question. Passing by the various modifications of this fundamental teaching in accordance with different creeds, the general and practical inference from it is the same in all creeds, namely: Men must believe what is taught them, and submit to the existing authorities.

This doctrine is the foundation of the deceit through which men come to consider military service a good and useful occupation, enlist as soldiers and become like machines, without will, oppressing themselves. If there are unbelievers among these deceived men, they are exceptions; and, believing in nothing else, and consequently having no firm basis, they too yield to the general current; and, although they realize the deception, they submit to it as the believers do.

Therefore, in order to remove the evils from which mankind suffers, neither the emancipation of land, nor the abolition of taxes, nor the communizing of the instruments of production, nor even the destruction of existing governments, is required; the only thing needed is the annihilation of the teaching falsely called Christianity, in which the men of our times are educated.—From an Article by Tolstoi in April North American Review.

"When you forget about your neighbor's rights you are in a fair way to lose your own."

MY SHIELD.

(Translated by Steven T. Byington.)

Protection beg I none from men of might,
Nor a lullate the lofty with a smile;
Alone, and with my shield resplendent,
I'll Withstand the harsh clash of the fearful
fight.
My breast by manly fury is made light;
And breathes nor truce nor rest for
any while.
I do not fear the prison dark and vile,
Nor does the combat with its risks af-
fright.
Let retrogrades and traitors great and
small
Avenge their rancor and their wrath
on me,
A noble heart fears slander not at all;
And my stark hand forevermore shall
wield
Not the unworthy knife of tyranny,
But Right's good sword; by this I
keep the field.

—Alfonso Zepeda. W.

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXXI—Continued.

Uncle Andrew had bought the dress, and with Jennie's help had gotten all the necessary measurements and then had the dress made. It was trimmed with creamy lace, and, as Aunt Marian said, "it was perfect."

There was a knock on the door and Uncle Andrew came in.

"Did you think, my dear Marian, that I would neglect you this day of all days? I was so anxious for you to come to your room. I did not want to give you my present with the others."

"Your way was the best, dear; I would rather have it just this way."

Then Uncle Andrew kissed Aunt Marian and said:

"Put the dress on, dear, I want to see how it will fit. Do you know it is the first dress I ever chose? What do you think of my taste?"

"I do not think a dress could be more beautiful, or more perfect."

Then she put it on, and they were both delighted.

"A perfect fit" was the verdict of the family when they saw it for the first time, for Uncle Andrew did not let anyone except Jennie know of his purchase, and she had not seen it.

"A couple of old fools," did you say? Not so. As Blossom said, "we show our wisdom by loving," and why should those who have lived many years, and have known care and sorrow and borne the burdens of life, be denied the pleasure of love, simply because old Time has plowed furrows on the brow, and silvered the hair? The Fairview family knew better than that, and so were rejoiced at the happiness and pleasure of Uncle Andrew and Aunt Marian.

"Howard, I hope we will not get too old to value love," Mayme said as she watched Uncle Andrew's attention to Aunt Marian.

And when James heard Uncle Andrew say "Marian, you are by far the handsomest woman here," he said "Now, Ida, I really don't want to get into trouble with your father, but I am sure he is mistaken, very much so, for you are the handsomest woman here though Aunt Marian does look fine."

Ida laughed at the pleasantry and said: "I am glad that father is so happy. He grows more devoted as the years

pass, and I never saw two people before who really seemed to grow younger instead of older. Who would believe that they are 70 and 75?"

Supper was served at the Glen and after supper there was music and dancing.

The next day, in after years, they referred to as "Reminiscence Day." In the morning they were out on the lawn and Helen, Carol's oldest daughter, said: "Uncle Rollin, tell us a story—a love story."

"Oh, please do," came from all sides.

"Well, I'll tell you a true story," and he told them of his meeting with Jennie, of what he thought, and how, from the first meeting, he had determined to gain her love. "And I succeeded, as Jennie will tell you," he added with a smile at Jennie.

"No, I will say nothing of the kind, for my love went out to you from the first meeting."

"Oh, it was love at first sight, was it?" asked the romantic Helen.

"Pretty nearly so, I think," was Rollin's reply.

Then, one by one, each told their own love story, told of their hopes and fears, their troubles and happiness and Mayme said: "I think that we must all come here more often, for out in the world marriage is the end of romance, and love seems but a name. When I come here I see that love is a reality and that it is lasting."

"And the reason that is so is because we have no bonds, we do not have to love, we are not compelled to love, or pretend we love, from a sense of duty. It reminds me of a piece of nonsense I saw in a paper the other day. A man and his wife were sitting before the fire, she with her knitting, he with his paper; a dog and a cat lay before the fire, the cat with her head on the dog. This man and wife did not get along very well, in fact, were notorious for their quarreling. She noticed the animals and said: 'John, just see that cat and dog, why can't we get along as well together?' The man looked up and growled 'just tie them together and see.'"

When the laugh had subsided Andrew Jr., resumed:

"There is more truth than poetry in that little story, and I do think that is one of the reasons for our happiness, that we are free. Of course, those who are married and still retain their freedom are not bound, but there are very few who are legally married who are not soon possessed by the demon of ownership."

"You are right, Andrew," said Howard, "you know how nearly I came to wrecking my life, and that was the cause. From the time I determined to stop trying to bind Mayme she began to come to me."

"Yes," said Mayme, "as soon as I felt there were no chains about me, as soon as I felt free, then I felt my love for you. I had really never felt that I loved until then."

Andrew had gone to the house and soon returned with a light shawl, which he wrapped around Blossom and said:

"You must take care of yourself, pet, that breeze is a little damp," he whispered and stooping he kissed her. From her birth she had been his Blossom, his pet, and they were not happy if separated; always watchful of her comfort when a child he had shown the same

watchful care since they were grown, and now his care was redoubled; and when James saw the loving, constant care his son bestowed on his love and how Blossom depended upon and seemed to live on it, he often thought of the time when his love, his Ida, had been left alone in her great need; but when he spoke of it to Ida she said:

"James, my love, you are almost morbid on that subject; you have more than atoned for your action at that time."

"What a faithful lover Andrew is."

"Yes, Rollin, I do not think that he and Blossom have ever had a misunderstanding. I suppose it is because they have grown up together, and now he anticipates her every want. It reminds me of the time when I was waiting my hour of trial and of triumph. But I am so thankful that Blossom is not weighed down with melancholy as I was. She is cheery and happy from morning till night," replied Jennie.

"Yes, I am glad she is so well. What a fine couple they are. Ah, my little wife, we have much for which to be thankful."

"Yes, Rollin, our experiment has succeeded beyond my greatest hopes."

A few days later Charley Wentworth and family came to Fairview and Wentworth said:

"Minnie is not very strong, and I thought if any place would do her good this was it."

They were cordially welcomed. Minnie was a shy, silent woman, but as she grew acquainted with the family she became less timid. Their boy, Roy, was a fine fellow, and his father could never have denied the relationship, for the likeness between father and son was remarkable. A tiny girl baby was the cause of the mother's weakness, but both mother and child grew strong rapidly.

"To the members of the Fairview family," Wentworth said, "I owe my happiness. Aunt Jennie and Uncle Rollin, your words made me see myself as I am, and I am thankful to you."

Is there need of saying any more? If in this simple story I have failed to show clearly the beauties of true freedom, if I have failed to give the principles underlying perfect freedom of thought and action, it has been because I could not find words in which to express my meaning. All who have felt the galling chains of church and creed, and the more galling chains of sexual slavery, will agree with Jennie when she said:

"In the perfect freedom of thought, speech and action is the only true happiness."

(The End.)

PUMPING FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

In 1874, while attending Michigan University at Ann Arbor, I boarded south of the courthouse square, in the heart of the city. All along the street in front of the courthouse farmers and others gathered daily with wood and vegetables, using the street as a marketplace. At the side of the street, near the center of the block, stood an old pump from which hundreds of farmers and hucksters daily pumped water for their teams. Many complained of the incessant and prolonged pumping required to get a pail of water, while the vigorous praised the liberality of the city

in providing a well so conveniently located. In pumping water one day in the presence of a policeman I berated the city authorities for providing an old pump from which it required so much labor to get water. The policeman said: "See here, young man," and taking me to one side of the pump about two rods, showed me what appeared to be a skillfully contrived trap door. "Here," he said, "is a city reservoir holding 15,000 barrels of water for fire purposes. Just below the platform in the pump stock, out of sight, is a vent with pipe connecting with this reservoir. Every time you pump a gallon of water for yourself you pump two for the city into this reservoir and all others do the same." From that time I pumped no more water from the city well but often watched others pumping away innocently and contentedly, perfectly satisfied with the robber system. All through life I have pumped a double share for the other fellow, my employer, and all laborers are pumping into the reservoir of capitalism at least two dollars while they pump one for themselves. It's fixed, you know, so we can't do otherwise.—J. H. Wilkinson.

It is announced that Carnegie purposes giving \$5,000,000 to his old employes; and for this he is applauded as a philanthropist. He has simply concluded that for every \$30 that labor has given him he will give back the sum of \$1. Supposing that 20,000 people have, through years of labor, contributed to Carnegie's wealth. If he should distribute \$5,000,000 among this number, each one would receive only \$250; whereas, if the 20,000 persons had received and wisely used all that has been stolen from them, each one would possess the sum of \$7,500, instead of being in poverty as he is today. This is said to be a government by the people and for the people; but that is not true. The many are the slaves; the few are the rulers in the domains that have to do with the very life and existence of man.—Flaming Sword.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. . . . As soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me, that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong—there is hate in him and fear in me. All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches—that there is rotteness where he appears. He is a carion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. . . . Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.—Emerson.

Only as men cease interfering with and coercing each other's ideals does true social order arrive, an order that can be relied upon to everlastingly endure because not the least forced or artificial, forever fluent and free to grow, expand in any direction.—J. Wm. Lloyd.

A TALK ON SUICIDE.

Continued from page 1.

money. I don't know, however, whether they did or not.

Again, a German peasant woman had hard work to get along to keep herself and two children alive in a certain small place in Germany. The children, a girl and a boy, aged respectively nine and ten, considered themselves burdens on mama, and in mama's way, and one day drowned themselves in the river Seine.

"Again, the story comes from San Francisco of a happy married family, husband, wife and little girl, parted through the wiles of the seducer. The wife deserted her husband and little girl to join her lover, asking her husband in a letter directed to him for a divorce. He gave her a divorce, but it was through suicide.

"Such stories forcibly remind me of the words: 'Greater love hath no man than this that he lay down his life for another.'

"But I look a little deeper than the surface, and below the thought of individual suicides, and find that suicide, insanity, poverty, disease and crimes of all kind are but the resultant effect of a previous spirit of destructive activity; and in each succeeding decade as competition grows fiercer, suicides, diseases, crimes and madness increase in direct proportion, so that, in my estimation, competition is today the means of national and international disintegration which is naught but the suicide of society itself. For in the spirit of competition society is slowly destroying itself, and what little civilization we now possess will go the way of all past ages.

"For though the words 'The wages of sin is death,' may not be grammatical according to some hypercritical grammatologists, the philosophy is absolutely correct; and individuals, states, nations and civilizations may be diseased, insane and criminally inclined, and in their sin-death and entire annihilation await them.

"Egypt sinned and went astray, and at her death 98 per cent of her people, the degraded masses of that day and hour, competed in poverty-stricken conditions for 3 per cent of her wealth, while the lords and masters of that Egyptian age were prating of their high civilization and great prosperity in banquet halls and fashionable palaces of private vice.

"When Babylon went down in ruins to her grave 2 per cent of her population owned all her wealth, and the remaining 98 per cent were slaves unto a despot master class.

"Ere Rome, once mistress of the ancient world, bared her proud banners to the breeze, and in the insanity of greed descended suicideward into the grave of past and bygone greatness, 1,800 men lived and fared sumptuously every day, and in the flower of their parasitism fed on the slave labor of the then known world.

"Forty years ago there were but two millionaires in the United States, and tramps were unknown. Today there are several thousand of these 'filles of the valley' who, though toiling not nor spinning, are still fed by the creator of all wealth—Labor; and a population of over 4,000,000 tramps is in our midst. Less than 25,000 people, by means of the trustification of our industries and

the machinery displacement of labor, own and control a world of 1,450,000,000 inhabitants.

"This civilization, like others, is divided between the masses and their masters, and the 'sound money' of the day is a practical reality, as the masses get the sound and the masters get the money. The masses get the political flim-flam game; the masters rake in the 'awag' from the pockets of the workers. The masses groan and grumble and sweat for a mere pittance, while the masters dance and pirouette gaily through life, traveling in steam yachts and fancy equipages built by the workers, dining in banquet halls and costly palaces reared skyward by the patient hand of toil, wearing purple and fine linen every day that is woven in the loom of honest industry. Ah, me! In our beautiful civilization of competitive cunning the masses are the workers and the producers of all wealth, while the masters work the workers and are the exploiters of all wealth. If this system continues much longer Society, through the disease of corruption now prevalent in the body politic, will soon find itself a corpse in the historical graveyard of a civilization's suicide!"

JOHN A. MORRIS.

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Dan Christensen and Fred Carlson, who live on Anderson Island, this county, were up to see us for two days last week.

Eh, but to see the sun glisten on our bay, the fleecy clouds scud overhead, the clover and grass springing green on the hillsides, the orchards fast bursting into bloom, does the heart good, while the thought of our liberty of life here at Home makes it leap.

Much gardening is being done these fine days, on the principle of "making hay while the sun shines." There are three of those excellent garden planters and cultivators—the Everett man-weight drill—owned by several of the residents here, and it makes some of our mouths pucker muchly to see them at work.

That amateur photographer of ours—John L. Adams—has been perambulating around the bay lately, tripod in one hand, camera in the other, seeking whom he might devour. When last seen he was up near the schoolhouse spoiling dry plates in an earnest endeavor, with wide-angle lens, to focus Cheyee at work.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carrs Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 80 people here—23 men, 22 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 4, boys 3. We are not living

communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

RECEIPTS.

Christensen \$1, Kislink 50c, Williams 50c, Kranz 50c, Brown 25c, Eastman 10c.

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- Price, mounted, 25 cents; unmounted 15 cents. Order by number of DISCONTENT. As new views are taken they will be added to the list.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum (equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer or other person shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.
Second: Wife or husband.
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.
This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 26 Lewis st.
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